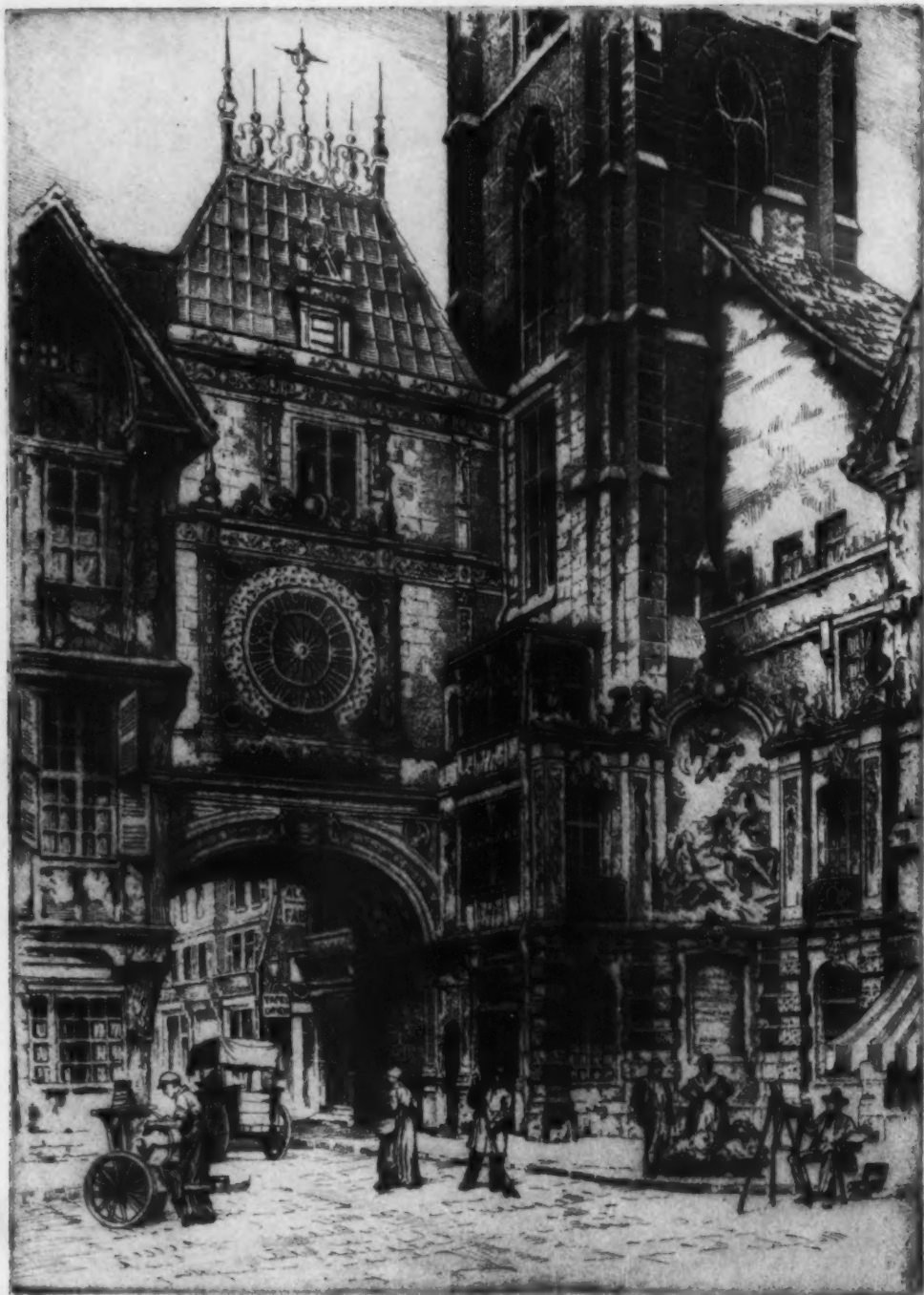


AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

January 1939

"I Serve"





ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, NEW YORK

CLOCK OF ROUEN

An original etching by Andrew Karoly

Joan of Arc may have seen this clock when she was in Rouen

A Guide for Teachers

By RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The January News in the School

The Classroom Index

Art:

"Rabbit in the Snow," "Clock of Rouen," "Puppets in Peiping"

General Science:

"Counting Time," "The Treasure of the Sea," "Field and His Cable," "Time Map"

Geography:

China—"Puppets in Peiping," "About the N. C. F."

Czechoslovakia—"Counting Time"

France—"Clock of Rouen," "Counting Time," "The Program (calendar) Picture"

Germany—"Rabbit in the Snow," "The Cover Picture"

Spain—"Colorín and the Princess," "To Help Them Forget," "About the N. C. F."

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United States—"Field and His Cable," "About the N. C. F.," "Some Activities"

Other Countries—"About the N. C. F."

Literature:

"Colorín and the Princess," "Welcome to the New Year"

Primary Grades:

"Rabbit in the Snow," "Winter and His Helpers," "Safety Alphabet," "Pussycats," "Colorín and the Princess," "Puppets in Peiping," "Some Activities"

Reading:

1. How do we happen to have twelve months in a year?
2. Make a sun dial.

1. How did Colorín get to marry the princess? 2. What do you think of the way he managed the ministers?

1. How is the pearl industry regulated? 2. In what countries is it important?

1. How many times did Cyrus Field have to try before he succeeded in laying the first cable? 2. Make up a story to illustrate differences in communication a hundred years ago and today.

1. What is Three Kings' Day? 2. Play the game of the king and queen at the Feast.

1. Why does a New Year need a new broom? 2. Draw a picture to illustrate the New Year poem.

1. How did Boy-yah entertain his mother's caller?
2. Explain and demonstrate the way the Chinese puppets were manipulated.

1. How did Jim get the boat he wanted? 2. What are some ways that nations control smuggling?

1. What did you do to make Christmas less unhappy for Spanish and Chinese children? 2. Decide on a way to earn a special contribution for the National Children's Fund.

1. How many helpers did Old Man Winter have? 2. How many months did he sleep?

1. What safety precautions are mentioned in the Safety Alphabet? 2. Decide what precautions against accidents are important for your room and make up a verse for each.

1. Why are pussycats nice? 2. Tell why your own pets are nice.

1 and 2. At the hour that you have a geography lesson, what time is it in the part of the world that you are studying?

Units:

Accident Prevention—"Our Safety Alphabet"

Amusements and Recreation—"Puppets in Peiping"

Communication and Transportation—"Field and His Cable," "Time Map"

Conservation of Life and Property—"About the N. C. F.," "Our Safety Alphabet"

Holidays—"The Program Picture," "Welcome to the New Year," "About the N. C. F.," "Winter and His Helpers"

Invention—"Counting Time," "Field and His Cable"

Pets—"Rabbit in the Snow," "Pussycats"

Puppets—"Puppets in Peiping"

Instructions for making puppets have been mimeographed from an article by Edith Flaek Ackley and will be sent free on request.

Time—"Clock of Rouen," "Counting Time," "Winter and His Helpers," "Time Map"

World Understanding—"Counting Time," "Colorín and the Princess," "Field and His Cable," "Welcome to the New Year," "The Treasure of the Sea," "Coconut Mystery," "About the N. C. F.," "Time Map"

Easter Cards for Blind Children

Brailled Easter cards in assorted packs of ten will be sent free on request to any Junior Red Cross group that will make covers for the cards and send them on in good time to the school for the blind assigned by Headquarters Offices. Be sure when writing to tell how many cards you will cover.

Metal Tubes and the Service Fund

Some Junior Red Cross members have increased their Service Funds by salvaging empty toothpaste tubes and other metal tubes used for shaving cream and other toilet articles. If you are interested in this as a new project ask your Junior Red Cross Chairman to write your Headquarters Office for specific instructions.

Safety Readers

A new series of readers under the general title "The Road to Safety" contains helpful material ranging from pre-primer through the sixth grade, of interest to schools that take part in the American Red Cross Home and Farm Accident Prevention Programs or stress prevention of accidents at school as a Junior Red Cross project. Each book gives material on precautions important for the age addressed, and repeats on a more mature level points stressed in preceding volumes. The fourth reader has a good summary of the way the Red Cross helps in times of disaster and what the government is doing to prevent floods. Fun and adventure are emphasized. The authors are Horace Mann Buckley, Margaret L. White, Alice B. Adams, and Leslie R. Silvernale. The publisher is the American Book Company. Each volume has a companion work-book.

Junior Red Cross Activities for Primary Grades

R EPORTS of service activities carried on by the youngest members show that the Junior Red Cross program is used to excellent advantage by many teachers in the primary grades. These have been quoted in the "Guide for Teachers" from time to time. A number of others, quoted below, contain a variety of suggestions.

A First Grade in Virginia

The first grade of the Jefferson School, Pulaski, Virginia, guided by their teacher, Kitty Rye, was active in service all year.

Cooperation with the Senior Red Cross Chapter:

Older grades and other visitors were invited to an entertainment of songs, poems, drills, and dramatizations that had been learned as part of regular classroom work. The admission was a spool of white or black thread or half a dozen buttons. The "receipts" were turned over to the Senior Red Cross Chapter for use in making garments. This gave an opportunity for learning the place of local Red Cross volunteers in community and national welfare work.

Learning about the Almshouse:

At Thanksgiving the group visited the Almshouse to give a program. The small entertainers found that their audience liked chewing gum, and so at Easter another trip was made to take gum, which had been wrapped in colored paper with wheels of different colors pasted on to make a wagon, and a rabbit or a chick pasted on top for a driver. The excursions became the subject of a reading lesson afterwards.

A Christmas Party Unit:

After Thanksgiving the question was raised about what the class could do to make Christmas happier for others less fortunate. It was decided to have a party to which each child would invite some smaller guest of four or five years. The conversation, writing, reading, manual arts, number work, and music for the following weeks were based on this Christmas party. The thirty-seven children volunteered to bring pennies or nickels for a Christmas treat. They made green and red paper baskets decorated with holly or Santa Claus, dressed sticks of candy like dolls, and made umbrellas and clowns out of bright cellophane and ribbon to put in the baskets along with candy and raisins. One child volunteered to play Santa Claus and cleverly extemporized his presentation speech. A program of Christmas songs, poems, and stories was put on and the little guests also sang some songs and contributed some readings.

Fitness for Service:

During the winter the children gave several other programs raising funds to help needy children in dental corrections.

A Second Grade in Louisiana

In the Southwestern Louisiana Institute Training School at Lafayette, a unit in community service, lasting eight weeks, was developed in Grade 2-A by Margaret Chauvin, the room teacher, and Freda Veazi, the Supervising Critic.

Learning the Meaning of "I Serve":

"When the second grade joined the Junior Red Cross, a period was spent discussing the meaning of

their motto, 'I Serve.' The children, anxious to do their part as Junior members of the Red Cross, decided to serve to the best of their abilities. Christmas was selected as the time-objective, and their aim was to let the spirit of Christmas enter into all their work.

Inventory of Interests and Experiences:

"Conversation about membership in the Red Cross was directed by reading in the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS about how others serve, discussing their own ability and deciding how to serve.

"An inventory of experiences was taken, the children relating first-hand experiences and those of other children. The teachers contributed their experiences and again articles from the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS showed methods of other members in serving. Children and teachers studied pictures of children serving, read and listened to stories and poems, and sang songs.

Making a Plan Together:

"The next step was to discover whom we could serve in our own town: schools, hospitals, and orphanages, the Community Chest, needy children, old people, invalids, other classes in school. The children decided to serve needy children through the Red Cross chapter by donating toys, making toys, mending broken toys, making scrap books, making a small library by binding together stories from damaged textbooks, dressing dolls, and making doll house furniture.

"The final step in planning was a discussion about ways and means: securing dolls, securing cloth for clothes, making a list of necessary clothing, listing pieces of furniture to be made, listing necessary materials, examining and discussing materials at hand for work.

Carrying Out the Plan:

"Committees were appointed and these reported on needs and progress. All the members gave constructive criticism of the work. Written records were kept of daily accomplishments.

Tangible Accomplishments:

"The finished product consisted of two bedsteads, two dressers, four chairs, two tables, four pillow slips, two mattresses, four pillows, two sheets, two quilts, wardrobe for two dolls.

The Creative Experiences:

"Development in skills included:

"1. *Language*—Conversation, discussions, pooling and organizing materials and information

"2. *Industrial and Fine Arts*—Constructing, painting, designing, blending colors, drawing

"3. *Music*—Singing songs about helpers, composing lullabies to sing to dolls

"4. *Dramatic Play*—Free play with the things made giving experience in community life and relating this study to the children's lives

"5. *Arithmetic*—Measuring and figuring, in the plans and the construction

Experience in Community Citizenship:

"The unit brought:

"1. Knowledge of needy people in our community

"2. Knowledge of different organizations that help needy people and how they work in our community

"3. Respect for those aiding the needy

"4. Respect for the needy

Increase in Information:

"1. *Geography*—We learned more about the geography of our own community through making trips to secure boxes for furniture, locating the places to be visited, shopping for materials, delivering materials to the Red Cross office, studying the direction of places from the school and how to reach them.

"2. *History*—We learned something of the functioning of the Red Cross in normal times and in times of distress, got an insight into how people in our own section of the community lived, and learned something of the relationship of our community to other communities.

Habits and Attitudes:

"There was development in:

- "1. Learning right attitudes toward the needy
- "2. Right attitude toward helping organizations
- "3. Self-control on excursions—refraining from handling things in visits, listening to people who are giving information
- "4. Asking worthwhile questions
- "5. Learning proper habits of observation
- "6. Appreciation for time given by workmen
- "7. Cooperation with one another—waiting one's turn, working and playing together without fussing
- "8. Initiative in planning and executing work, and planning ideas
- "9. Cooperative attitudes in giving and receiving criticism
- "10. Helping each other
- "11. Interest in other children's plans and execution

Culmination:

"The finished project was displayed in the workroom. The children explained it in detail to the visitors. When the day arrived to take it to the Red Cross office for distribution to needy children at Christmas time, the children arranged themselves in a body, each carrying one piece of the work. They were received with enthusiasm and presented with Red Cross buttons.

"The next day they arrived at school with a newspaper article about their presentation. It was read and re-read by every member of the class."

In schools where a study of the community is made the center of interest for the second grade, the unit outlined above will be especially helpful. It can be adapted to other seasons than Christmas and to other grades.

Primary Production in Tennessee

Sewing:

The thirty-eight members of the primary grades of the Hutchinson Private School in Memphis, Tennessee, had a regular Red Cross volunteer production period every Wednesday afternoon under the leadership of Mrs. Walter W. Richardson, their teacher. The production of the groups included dolls' dresses, cloth dolls, animals, and other toys of bright colored fabrics. The gifts were packed by the children to send to the General Hospital. The young workers all wore Red Cross veils at these periods to give their workroom a professional atmosphere. After the period a formal tea was always served.

Other Junior activities of this group included making artistic scrap-books for children in a local isolation hospital and a Thanksgiving donation party to which all contributed food for the city Thanksgiving distribution.

A Fourth Grade in Massachusetts

Books of games made for convalescent children by the fourth grade of the Christopher Gibson School in Boston, Massachusetts (teacher, Mary C. Donahue) are described in detail here because they showed such intelligent imagination in the interesting nature of

the contents and the skills developed, both for the children who made the gifts and the convalescents who would receive them.

The title was, "Can You Do It?" The book was made of heavy, brown wrapping paper, machine stitched into a scrap-book. Games and paper folding were pasted to the pages. The captions and instructions were printed by the children.

Paper Windmill: page 1, the square marked for folding; page 2, a finished windmill as a model

A Button Game: page 3, a chart with four rows of squares on which the players move the buttons, one labeled "Start," the other "Finish;" page 4, a sealed envelope with buttons and these directions:

- "1. One child hides a button in either hand.
- "2. A player guessing the correct hand moves one place.
- "3. The player reaching 'finish' first wins."

The Seven Dwarfs and Snow White, labeled, "Can You Name and Color Us?"

"*Can You Make a Calendar?*": a blank monthly calendar with days of the week printed at the top, and a sealed envelope containing the numbers to paste in the blank squares

"*Can You Find a Girl's and a Boy's Name?*": A chart with letters mixed up, out of which the names would be built—arranged in an irregular design

"*Can You Find an Old Friend of Yours?*": Mickey Mouse to be drawn by filling in lines, between dots arranged with numbers to guide in filling in

"*Can You Tell Time?*" and "*Can You Make a Clock?*": page 9, a clock dial with Mickey Mouse in the center pointing at the hour, labeled, "It Is Three O'Clock;" page 10, a blank clock dial with Mickey Mouse in the center, the numbers to fill in the dial, and Mickey's two arms to be fastened on with a brad so that they will rotate to point the hours

"*Can You Give the Engineer His Signal's?*": page 11, red, yellow, and green disks for "Stop," "Caution," and "Go" with a picture of a locomotive on page 12; the three words to be printed under corresponding colors left blank

"*Can You Unscramble Them?*": ten words of mixed up letters to be sorted out into words: battleship, submarine, clipper, airplane, street car, automobile, steamship, scooter, carriage, truck

"*Can You Name This Story?*"—"What Are They Doing?" "Do You Know Their Names?": a colored picture of Alice in Wonderland, the Mad Hatter, and the March Hare having tea

"*Can You Sew?*": perforated sewing card with needle and yarn in a sealed envelope

"*Riddles*," selected by the makers

"*Can You Make Some Flags?*": Small colored paper flags of France, Denmark, Netherlands, Belgium, with the United States in the middle, and underneath each model an outline flag to be colored in

Last page: Answers to the preceding pages

Youngest Members in Australia

"The very young members of the Junior Red Cross in New South Wales are called 'Koalas' after the attractive little native bear of that name. This little animal is peculiar to Australia.

"These Koala circles are increasing their membership and new circles are being formed.

"The little members are active and ingenious in raising money to help support children in the Homes for poor and delicate children maintained by the Junior Red Cross." (From *Junior Red Cross Record*, New South Wales.)
A GUIDE FOR TEACHERS, JANUARY, 1939.

Fitness for Service for January

"Better Health All Our Lives"

BETTER health all our lives is dependent to a considerable extent on good foundations of health laid in childhood and on growing up to responsibility for one's own health.

The Red Cross health courses mentioned on the Program page are offered in modified form to fit the needs of boys and girls in junior high school grades.

"A Time Table of Health"

The personal time table of health may be useful as a device for building individual responsibility and self-direction, taking into account individual differences, and developing habits of regularity and reasonable proportion.

Self-direction and responsibility will lead children to observe the rules of health because they recognize their value, not because adults check on them.

Understanding one's own individual differences enters into personal responsibility. Some habits may be easily formed, such as brushing teeth or drinking milk. Other practices must be worked out according to special personal needs. Some children need much more sleep than others, some need to eat more. Weight, general health, resistance to sickness, are indications of such differences.

Tests of Time Tables

The Red Cross Nursing Service suggests the following tests of the "time tables" to be presented to children:

1. Do I eat the food I should without being urged—because I am healthily hungry and am old enough to know what is good for me?
2. Do I avoid overstuffing and eating between meals?
3. Do I take as much outdoor exercise as I reasonably can?
4. Do I sleep as many hours as are indicated for my age—or more rather than less?

Other points for a teacher to note are related to a child's daily reactions:

Is he unselfconsciously cheerful and happy in his actions?

Does he cooperate in work, play, and promotion of health for himself and others?

Is he generous when things do not go his way?

Is he willing to carry his share in work and play?

Is he ready to acknowledge mistakes and does he try to avoid making the same ones again?

It is important for the teacher to recognize how closely related health problems may be to behavior problems and what may be the underlying causes, physical or mental. Uncooperative attitudes may be caused by a doubt about one's own security, and tactful help from a teacher may permanently benefit mental and physical health.

Habits to Be Depended On

Reasonable regularity in meals, sleep, play, work, study, is good for the nervous system, giving a sense of something firm to stand on, a certain to-be-expectedness. On the other hand, no schedule should be too tight. There must be flexibility and some absolutely free time to do the things one cares for without dis-

traction. This is a point to be watched in revision of personal schedules.

Along with self-direction, an increasing sense of responsibility for the health of others is a sign of growing up: not nosey meddling in other people's business, but an enlarging understanding of social causes of poor health (not having enough of the right kind of food to eat or living in overcrowded, unhealthful conditions) and an informed interest in solutions.

Some Health Facts

A new year is a logical time to review elementary facts of hygiene. These are summarized here briefly.

Food:

Milk, eggs, green and yellow vegetables, and fruits are known as the "protective" foods.

Sleep:

- 4 and 5 years old—12 hours
- 6 and 7 years old—11½ hours
- 8 and 9 years old—11 hours
- 10 and 11 years old—10½ hours
- 12 and 13 years old—10 hours

The above is an average guide. A general rule is that growing boys and girls should sleep not less than nine hours and should go to bed not later than nine o'clock. They should sleep with open windows, avoiding direct drafts, and dressed and covered warmly enough.

Physical Defects Needing Correction:

Defects of vision, to be corrected by properly fitted glasses

Decayed or diseased teeth and mal-occlusion, to be corrected by dental treatment and improved nutrition

Diseased tonsils and adenoids, to be corrected by removal

Personal Cleanliness:

Bathing regularly, at least twice a week

Brushing the teeth regularly, at least twice a day

Coming to the classroom with clean neck and ears

Using a clean handkerchief or paper tissues

Clean clothes and shoes, neat appearance

Washing hands before each meal and after the toilet

Covering sneezes and coughs with a handkerchief or tissue

Outdoor Play and Exercise:

A rosy, bronzed skin and healthy appetite are good signs that one is getting enough outdoor play and exercise. Normal enthusiasm and interest are other good signs.

Clothing:

Extra garments such as coats, sweaters, galoshes, rubber boots, and mufflers, needed to keep one warm and dry outdoors, should be removed indoors at school and at home. Clothing for indoors should be suitable for the temperature of homes or schools. A good Junior project is that of providing extra stockings or slippers for children to change to if they arrive with wet feet.

Indoor Temperature:

The most approved temperature range is from 65 to 70 degrees Fahrenheit with controlled humidity and circulation of air. The classroom and the home should have thermometers to test the room temperature.

Window ventilators can be made by the Juniors to allow for good circulation of the air without direct drafts. If necessary, weather stripping should be made for doors and windows to overcome floor drafts.

These simple facts are summarized in a mimeographed bulletin called "Health Questions and Answers" free to Junior Red Cross groups on request of Headquarter's Offices.

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

January • 1939

Counting Time

VIRGINIA McBRYDE

WHEN Julius Caesar made the Julian calendar, he planned that the first, third, fifth, seventh, ninth and eleventh months should have thirty-one days and the months in between thirty, except for February which should have twenty-nine in common years and thirty every fourth year. But the Romans believed that odd numbers were lucky. Therefore Augustus insisted that August, the month named after him, should have thirty-one days so that it would be on an equal footing with July, the month named for Julius Caesar. Of course he got his way and a day was taken off February and added to August. But this arrangement made three months of thirty-one days come together. Therefore the Romans took a day off September and gave it to October. Then they had to take a day off November which followed directly on October and give it to December.

Julius Caesar fixed the mean length of the year at 365 and a quarter days and decreed that every fourth year should have 366 days instead of 365 to account for the extra quarter days; but he wasn't looking very far ahead. The solar astronomical year has 365 days, five hours, forty-eight minutes and forty-six seconds so that, in crediting it with 365 and a quarter days, he gave it eleven minutes and fourteen seconds too much. In the course of four hundred years this error amounted to three days. There had been three leap years too many. Therefore, when Pope Gregory XIII reformed the calendar in 1582 he decreed that every year with a number divisible by

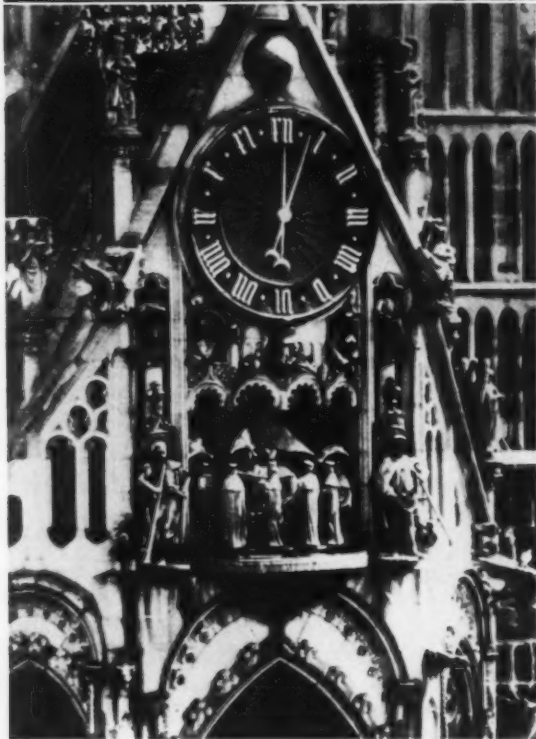


"The Moors" on the clock tower of St. Marks in Venice

four without a remainder should be a leap year, excepting the centurial years which should only be leap years when divisible by four after omitting two ciphers. Thus, 1600 was a leap year but 1700, 1800 and 1900 were not. The year 2000 will be a leap year.

Many people in the world are not satisfied with the calendar because of the unequal length of the months and, consequently, of the periods of three months (quarters) and of six month (semesters) into which the year is often divided.

For a number of years a Calendar Inquiry Committee, appointed by the League of Nations, has been investigating the changes advisable in the calendar. The Committee has received four hundred different proposals for



At the base of the clock tower in Prague, above, can be seen the astronomical clock made in 1490. Below, a detail of the old clock in Nürnberg. Figures of medieval princes pass before the emperor

the reform of the calendar. These projects have come from all parts of the world.

Two plans seem to be most in favor. One provides for a fixed calendar of thirteen months of twenty-eight days each, accounting for 364 days of the year. The extra day of the regular year would be inserted at the end of the year as December twenty-ninth and would be an international holiday. In leap years the second extra day, also a holiday, would be inserted after June twenty-eighth as June twenty-ninth. The other plan does not equalize the months, but the quarters and semesters. According to this plan, each quarter would contain one month of thirty-one days and two months of thirty days. The extra day of the regular year would, as in the first plan, be inserted at the end of the year, but in this case would be December thirty-first instead of December twenty-ninth. In leap years the second extra day would be inserted at the end of another quarter.

Long ago the astronomers began working on some sort of device for measuring off the hours. Naturally they began with a measure that would use the shadows cast by the sun as the earth turned beneath it. And so sun dials were made by the Egyptians and also by those wonderful astronomers of ancient times, the Chaldeans. A sun dial invented by Brosius, the Chaldean, about 300 B. C. was still in use among the Arabians as late as 900 A. D. The Greeks used sun dials and so did the Romans. The first one was set up in Rome in 290 B. C. But sun dials were not any use on cloudy days and so clocks were invented, but for a long time they were kept accurate by checking with sun dials. Even today there are old church tower clocks in Europe with sun dials beside them.

When Louis XVI was King of France he ordered an unusual sort of sun dial for the Palais Royal Gardens. It was a cannon so constructed that it went off, apparently of its own accord, but actually at the touch of the sun, precisely at noon. So it was called the "meridian cannon." On days when the sun shone it was so reliable that Parisians set their watches by its booming. Five men looked after it, cleaning and loading it and seeing that the lens which fired the fuse was set at the right angle to catch the sun as the seasons varied. King Louis, unhappy victim of the French Revolution, loved to listen for his gun.

Perhaps it boomed at the moment when he

was beheaded in the Place de la Concorde in Paris, January 21, 1793.

The meridian cannon continued to go off on sunny days until during the World War it was silenced because the citizens of Paris might mistake its boom for the sound of German shells. In 1933, however, it was put into commission again.

Pope Silvester II is supposed to have invented the first clock in 996 A. D. After that locksmiths, silversmiths and jewelers made many improvements and produced some wonderful and beautiful timepieces for town halls and church towers.

When Columbus was thinking night and day about his plans for a voyage around the earth to the riches of the Indies, an expert clockmaker of Central Europe was putting the finishing touches to a masterpiece, the famous clock in the tower of the town hall in Prague. To this day it is one of the sights of the capital of Czechoslovakia. It shows not only the hours and minutes but also the days, months and years, times of sunrise and sunset, and the course of the stars. At eleven o'clock on Sunday morning the shutters in the little balcony above the clock open to show a procession of life-size figures of the Twelve Apostles. Each comes out at the left-hand side, bows, crosses to the right and disappears. Last of all comes the figure of Christ. Just as this figure is about to disappear, a cock comes out above and crows. Then the shutters close.

It is said that King Vladislav II, who ordered the clock, was so pleased with it that he wanted it to be the only one of its kind in the world. So he had the clockmaker's eyes put out. But the blinded clockmaker had his revenge. He got a friend to lead him to the tower at night and took away part of the mechanism so that the clock would not go. For many, many years no one could be found to repair it.

Near noon on September 29, citizens of Augsburg in Germany gather beneath St. Michael's tower, all eyes for the closed window above the great clock on the wall. Just before noon the window opens. Two carved and gilded figures roll into view. There stands St. Michael, with spear poised for a thrust at the figure of the Devil lying prostrate beneath his feet.

The clock strikes. Up comes the spear, then plunges into the red-tongued Devil with a great clang. Twelve times this is done and at each clang the crowd gives a shout. After



COURTESY KEYSTONE AND SWISS RAILROADS

Above, the clock on the Eiffel tower, which is visible at night. Below, a close view of the medieval clock at Berne, Switzerland, which has a procession of bears. The bear is the emblem of Berne

the last stroke, the figures roll back once more and the window closes until the next St. Michael's Day comes round again.

The world's biggest luminous clock advertises the Citroen car and can be seen at night from every quarter of Paris, for it is on the famous Eiffel Tower. Its face is sixty feet

in diameter, nearly three times the size of Big Ben in London. It has no hands to get out of order, but, instead, rows of electric lights, white for the minute and red for the hour.

It is electrically regulated from the Observatory.

Colorín and the Princess

ANTONI ORROBLES

Translated from the Spanish by Edward Huberman

Illustrations by Marie Lawson

ONCE upon a time there was a King who had

Red rubies in his crown.
White and venerable whiskers.
A green velvet cloak, and
Plenty of gold braid. . . .

The back of his Throne rose straight towards the ceiling, magnificently.

* * * * *

The trouble is that the King never seemed very happy.

Many real Kings, and many storybook Kings, too, appear to be rather dissatisfied.

It might be that a rich golden crown pinches like a tight shoe.

But it really isn't that; it's because their people aren't as happy as they would like them to be.

And this King, whose name was King Rox, was sadder than all the Kings of the Earth.

His kingdom, called the Archipelago of Sands, was very poor, very poor indeed.

There was nothing in it but poverty.

The most simple things were missing. If King Rox wanted spaghetti soup, two sailors had to row sadly to the next kingdom to buy spaghetti.

And the same thing would happen if his shoelaces ripped.

And the same with any little thing. . . .

The Archipelago of Sands got its name because every island in it was like a mound of sand, where the little trees simply dried up.

It was necessary to put little green branches in the ground to imitate trees, just as children do when they play in the sand at the beach.

But on the other hand, how rich the neigh-

boring Archipelago was, where King Bombón reigned!

Its name was the Archipelago of Pastry, because each island seemed to be a huge tart, richly colored, with its banner waving on high.

King Rox used to look from time to time towards the south, where King Bombón's country was located. . . .

And then he would sigh deeply; he would sigh very deeply. . . .

One time a live-eyed little boy named Colorín was stretched out on the sand, enjoying the sun.

He began to speak, and this is what he said to those who were around him:

"Let's see! How many of us are there here stretched out in the sun? One, two, three, four, five. . . ., forty! Well, the forty of us ought to be working for the prosperity of our country.

"But if King Rox has all the riches and we have all the poverty, we can't even feel like working."

"That's right, that's right," agreed the others, without understanding that if they wouldn't work they'd always be poor, even though they ate the rubies off the King's crown.

When the King heard of all this, he feared a revolution, which might disturb his sad country even more. Therefore he ordered two musketeers to put the boy in a boat and take him out of the country.

And Colorín disappeared.

But Rox did not sleep well that night.

He could do nothing but jounce around in his bed.

All night he saw the square of light which the moon sent into his room; it made the



He ordered two musketeers to put the boy in a boat and take him out of the country

portrait of the Princess paler and paler, until the King had to put the picture underneath the royal bed.

Three sleepless hours!

And this is what he was thinking:

"What can I do to make my Kingdom prosper? It is true that I have jewels, yet my people are hungry . . . but I am hungry, too."

In the morning he sent a little page, who had red hair and blue eyes, with a message to his twenty-three Cabinet Ministers, with orders for them to come to the palace.

The page was handsome, but so small that he could not deliver the message exactly.

Then the King ordered a policeman to dress up as a page. And the officer did dress up well, even though he had an ill-tempered face, and bulges in his legs, and a tremendous mustache that looked like a waterfall.

After a little while, the twenty-three Ministers began to arrive on their bicycles. And every Minister was sitting on a cushion!

They came one by one:

The Minister of Stars

The Minister of Anecdotes

The Minister of Overcoats

The Minister of Shrimp Fishing

The Minister of Children who Walk on Stilts

The Minister of Sun and Shade

The Minister of Umbrellas

The Minister of Electric Light Bulbs that are Only Good for the Noise they make when you Smash them

The Minister of "No trespassing" and "Wet paint" signs

The Minister of Setting Hens

The Minister of Things That Aren't Worth Anything

The Minister of Puzzles

The Minister of Antennae

The Minister of Friendship between Flowers and Butterflies

The Minister of Candy Wrappers

The Minister of Good Food for Poor Children

The Minister of Children who Really Enjoy Baths

The Minister of Children's Drawings

The Minister of Music Students

The Minister of the Zoo

The Minister of Enough Clothing for Poor Children

The Minister of 100,000 different Buttons

And the Minister General—Minister of Nothing at All

One by one the twenty-three of them arrived.

The King passed a plate of olives around, just as he always did at Cabinet meetings, and then he started to speak:

"My beloved councillors, pillars of my country: I am seeking prosperity for the Archipelago of Sands."

"Bravo! Hurrah!" they all shouted.

"I am ready," continued Rox, "to sacrifice all my riches. But I do not believe that this would be enough. I want you to give me some good idea. Put your thinking caps on. Are you ready? Get set! Go! Now think!"

The moment King Rox finished giving his royal command, they all put their fingers to their heads and began to think.

But a quarter of an hour passed. . . .

And a half hour. . . .

And then, all unexpectedly, a door opening on the private apartments of the Palace was suddenly thrown open.

It was Princess Lulila, the King's daughter. She seemed so pale and wan that many of the Ministers were really worried.

"Are you ill?" asked her father.

"Oh, no!" she answered.

Then the King said sadly:

"She doesn't look well because she gives her bread and oranges to the poor."



Then the Princess said her say

Then the Princess said her say:

"If the King permits me, I shall marry the man who brings the greatest riches to my country.

"I know that personally I am worth nothing. But since succession to the Throne goes with my hand, I offer it to the man who will bring to this country the most valuable things in the world for my beloved people."

There was a murmur of approbation among the Ministers, and tears welled through the eyes of old King Rox.

Heralds went out with trumpets and megaphones to proclaim the resolution of the Princess.

The very next day the twenty most determined citizens in the land were busy outside their houses, making little wooden boats.

It was exciting to see them all in their shirtsleeves, eagerly sawing, planing, and nailing the boards.

But they were so poor that they had to go without food for two days in order to pay for the wood.

When Rox heard about this, he took his crown off the hatrack and counted the rubies in it.

Twenty!

Then he ran through the city, and almost without anybody's knowing about it, he took out all the red jewels and handed one apiece to each Argonaut.

Now they had something they could sell in order to carry on a few days longer.

Finally the men sailed.

Those who stayed behind on the sad island spent their days wistfully, looking always towards the sea, into the distance.

They were hoping soon to see the poor little boats come back out of the horizon.

Every day the mothers of the twenty adventurers received a loaf of bread from the Palace.

Rox and Lulila were secretly sending their jewels to the Archipelago of Pastry, where a servant of theirs who was traveling incognito could sell them.

"The tenderest bread that comes from our ovens shall be for the toothless mouths of these poor old ladies."

Thus spoke the King and the Princess.

All of this came to the ears of Colorín, who lived in the rich country nearby, employed in the radio station.

He could climb up the side of a house better than a cat, and he could put up aerials so beautifully that they never looked like stretched out suspenders.

One of the twenty citizens had made a fortune in the Archipelago of Pastry, and at the end of the year he planned to return to his country.

He was taking back a big cargo of chocolate, and enough machinery to set up a chocolate factory; a factory that would send the smell of chocolate all up and down the

street . . . and almost up and down the whole Archipelago.

In order to bring all this back home, he had to buy a splendid steamship. And the steamship towed the old boat he had built, like a little toy dog on a string.

The other nineteen also passed by on their way back to their beloved but unhappy country.

They came from nineteen different nations. Each one sailed home in a new ship, with the boat he had built dragging along behind.

One of them was bringing a thousand sacks of wheat, to sow and make into the best bread in the world.

Another brought two thousand fine books, and presses for a fine printing office.

And another brought a hundred splendid little pigs—the best of the best.

And fruit trees: apple trees, orange trees, banana trees, pear trees, peach trees, plum trees, cherry trees. . . .

And bolts of cloth, and ready-made clothes, and toys. . . . And all came back rich, very rich, and came in order to make their country rich.

It was a magnificent procession: twenty ships in a bee line towards the Archipelago of Sands, with the smoke coming out of their funnels like pigtaails up in the air.

Hanging on to an aerial on top of a roof, Colorin saw the rich procession of powerful gentlemen going home in hopes of marrying Princess Lulila.

Why hadn't he also become an adventurer?

What could he bring home that would make him the new prince of his country?

Suddenly he had a swell idea.

He came down from his rooftop, went to his room in the boarding-house, and put his round mirror, size of a dessert plate, into his pocket. (This was the mirror he used to use when he parted his hair in the middle.)

Then he went to the port, got into a small boat, and rowing with all his strength, began to follow eagerly the twenty rich adventurers who were 'way ahead of him.

He sweat so much that he almost had to begin baling the water out of his boat.

And even though he saw the others sailing far ahead, he did not give up hope. He just kept on rowing.

"This is the best Princess in the world. No doubt about it . . . The best and prettiest"

When he disembarked, the twenty pretenders were already at the Palace.

For an hour they had been showing King Rox, the Princess and the Cabinet Ministers samples of the fine treasures they had brought home.

Every one of them was thinking only of marrying Lulila the beautiful, Lulila the pale.

And when they had all finished, and the moment had come for one of them to be chosen, there suddenly entered, quite tired and worn out, another young man.

It was Colorín. This is the speech he made:

"Your Majesty, Your Highness, Your Excellencies: These honorable gentlemen have brought to our beloved Archipelago the finest chocolates in the world, the best wheat, and books, and pigs, and fruit trees, and cloths, and toys. . . . All the best in the world! My country is now prosperous and rich. My country needs nothing now but the best King, the best Princess, the best Ministers. . . . And I am bringing all of these."

Rox, who recognized the revolutionary Colorín in the intelligent eyes of that young man, trembled for fear that the boy had come to chase him off the throne.

But Colorín, without anybody's seeing what he had in his hand, held his mirror in front of the King's face, saying:

"Here is the best King in the world, one who knew how to make his country prosperous. . . ."



"Oh!" exclaimed the Sovereign, so happy he was almost moved to tears.

Then Colorín went up to the Princess, and said to her:

"This is the best Princess in the world. No doubt about it . . . the best and prettiest."

When she saw herself in the mirror, the Princess blushed and lowered her eyes, shy but happy.

"And this is the best Minister of Setting Hens," said Colorín to the Minister of Setting Hens, making him look at himself in the mirror.

And then he did the same business with the other twenty-two Ministers.

And all of them very enthusiastically agreed that Colorín ought to be the one to marry Lulila.

Then Rox took the mirror and showed it to Colorín, saying:

"Here, my son, is the best heir to my crown."

When Colorín was alone in his room that night, a great remorse seemed to attack him, because he had taken the coveted bride away from the adventurers.

But he said to himself:

"Isn't it true the Archipelago of Sands is today a prosperous country thanks to the Princess' idea, which the King and his Ministers approved? Well, then, I was right in presenting them as the best people in the world."

And he gave his mirror a kiss of thanks, looked at himself in it, and winked an eye as if to say: "We've done something!"

And so Colorín and Lulila were married. They became the best Prince and Princess, and after that the best King and Queen that a rich, happy country ever had.

And that's the truth.

The Treasure of the Sea

R. BIERNACKI

IF WE want to know how a pearl is formed, we must destroy one. In the center of it, with the help of a microscope, we will find a tiny grain of sand or some other irritating substance that has entered the shell. To protect itself against this, the oyster produces a certain substance with which it covers the intruder, layer upon layer. In this way pearls are created. The process lasts a long time. These shells can be found in many places in warm, oceanic waters, on the hard bottom covered with stones and abounding in seaweed and tiny creatures that serve the oysters as food.

Most of the pearls in the world are found near the shores of Australia, Ceylon and New Guinea. Pearl fishing is an important industry, giving work to many people. It is regulated by special protective measures. It usually lasts from April till November. A special commission examines the shores and pearl fisheries to be worked every five years.

When the Commission chooses the place for the pearl fishing, the quiet shores are transformed into noisy settlements and even towns of sometimes 50,000 inhabitants spring up. Long streets of tents suddenly appear. Banks

and shops are opened, and people of all kinds come to inhabit the towns. All of them are busy; all of them work eagerly. Sometimes they make fortunes; sometimes they lose fortunes.

Boats are launched, each containing three to five men. One is the diver. Clad in a special, rather complicated costume, he dives to the bottom of the sea, snatches up shells, throws them into his net and gives the signal to be raised to the surface.

His costume consists of a waterproof suit, boots weighted with lead, a helmet with tubes into which air is pumped from the boat, and some nets for the shells. Each diver brings up about fifty shells at a time, rests for a little and again disappears into the blue water of the ocean. And thus he works all day long.

When evening arrives, the gun fires and all the boats return to port bearing their treasures with them.

Sometimes thousands of oysters are opened before a pretty pearl is found. At times pearl fishing yields enormous gains, but at others it does not even cover the expenses of the work. It all depends on chance.

—From the Polish Junior Red Cross magazine.

Field and His Cable

FRANCES MARGARET FOX

Illustrations from "A Saga of the Seas," by Philip B. McDonald; Wilson-Erickson, New York

ON MAY 27, 1844, the first words were sent flying through space by means of the electric telegraph invented by Samuel F. B. Morse. Forty miles over the wire these words, "What hath God wrought?" were sent from Washington to Baltimore and received instantly. The news of this miracle was long in reaching the ends of the earth because it had to be written on paper that traveled slowly by land and sea.

At that time, Cyrus W. Field, another pioneer in the service of mankind, was a successful merchant, twenty-five years old, and married. He answered all letters the day they were received: but Mr. Field addressed no envelopes because they were not in use in the year 1844, and typewriters were unknown. Every letter had to be folded, just so, sealed with wax, addressed on the outside, and thirteen cents was the average postage on each letter.

It seems that the young man always had believed in prompt attention to business, and there is a story told of his childhood which has caused smiles for one hundred years. The father of little Cyrus, who was one of a family of nine children, was a distinguished clergyman of Stockbridge, Massachusetts. One day his rat-trap was lost and for a long time it could not be found. At last the minister sternly announced to his family that when that rat-trap was found, it must be brought to him immediately.

One Sunday morning rattling, clanging, banging sounds were heard during the solemn church services, and little Cyrus was seen walking up the aisle, the rat-trap in his hand and mischief in his eyes. Swiftly to the pulpit he went and laid down the rat-trap with a word of explanation: "Father," said he, "here is your rat-trap!"

When that boy became a man he traveled on the newly invented railroads and was the first to begin sending important messages by the marvelous electric telegraph.

Mr. Field was so successful as a merchant in New York that in 1853, when only thirty-five



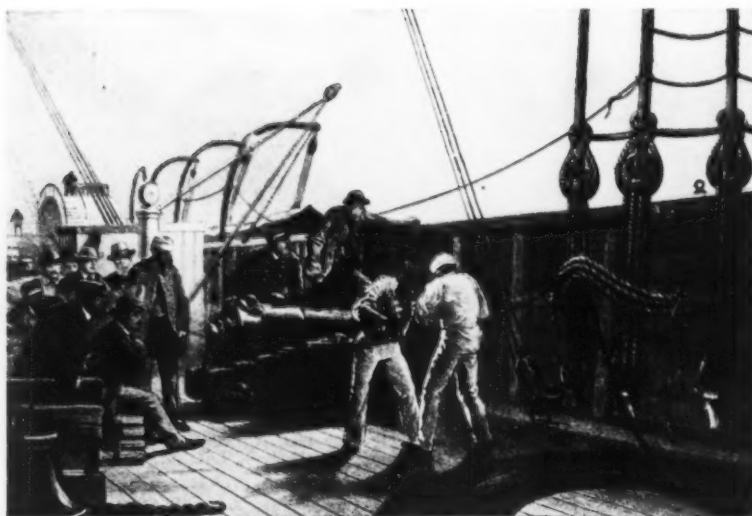
Cyrus W. Field

years old, he had become so rich that he retired from active business. He now had nothing to do but enjoy life; so he made a trip to South America. When he came home his children were delighted with the gifts, including wild animals and parrots, that he brought to the family and to the neighbors.

To amuse his children, with whom he had gay times, he used to dress up in a grass cloak that he had bought from a South American Indian. One day when they had urged him to dress up in this costume and make a call on his sister who lived a few blocks away, just for the fun of scaring her, he started out. How the Field children laughed then, because, in no time at all, a crowd came running after their father, to see what sort of creature had escaped from a show! Mr. Field did not surprise his sister that day, but ran into a neighbor's house for refuge from the mob.

Too quickly these carefree play days with his children were ended. Mr. Field soon became interested in a telegraph operator and engineer, who had formed a company to build a telegraph line across Newfoundland, with the hope of finally laying a submarine cable to connect Newfoundland with the United States. He had not only failed in his purpose, but he had lost his fortune and his company's fortune in the attempt.

One evening Mr. Field had visited with his friend until a late hour. He was thinking intently about the idea of laying an electric telegraph cable under the sea, when he reached his home and entered his library. He



Splicing the cable on the "Great Eastern"

was sure that this could be done, as submarine cables were already in operation between Dover and Calais, and England and The Netherlands.

Mr. Field crossed the room and gazed at the big globe: and then and there in his mind, Cyrus W. Field laid the Atlantic cable. He admitted long afterwards that others might have had the same thought before he was born, but that he never had dreamed of such a wild idea until that hour.

Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury, who had charted the seas, and Samuel F. B. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, still lived. Mr. Field wrote to them and mailed the letters in the morning. Then he consulted his own brother, David Dudley Field, the lawyer, and Mr. Peter Cooper, his neighbor. Others were invited to join the company, and for four evenings the chosen circle gathered around the table in the Field dining room and made plans.

Skipping over chapters and chapters of the story which tell of Mr. Field's trips to Newfoundland, and of men across the sea who joined the enterprise, we at last reach the day when the British government and the American government promised to provide the ships for the work of laying the cable.

The *Niagara*, the largest and finest ship of the United States Navy, under command of Captain William L. Hudson, was sent to England to take on board one-half of the cable, which had been manufactured in England, and all the wonderful machinery required for its care. Three other vessels of the United

States Navy accompanied the *Niagara*. The *Agamemnon*, of the British Navy, was accompanied by three vessels of her Navy.

From the different ports where they loaded on the cables, the fleets sailed in July, 1857, to meet at Queenstown, where there were festivities and fireworks, bonfires, bands playing, dinners and dances, speeches, and all sorts of merry-making in honor of their arrival and of the great occasion. Finally, after a farewell banquet, the fleets sailed away to Valencia where the shore end of the cable

was successfully laid by officers of the American Navy.

Here, on August 5, where the harbor was filled with craft all flying gay banners, and the shore was bright with crowds, there was a fine program which was opened by a solemn prayer for guidance in one of the greatest enterprises ever undertaken by man. According to the plan, the fleets were to cross the ocean in company. In the middle of the Atlantic, after the British side of the cable should have been laid by the *Niagara*, the cables were to be spliced, and the *Agamemnon* would lay the remaining half of the cable on the American side. Mr. Field, Professor Morse, and Mr. Bright, the famous English engineer, were on board the *Niagara*.

Three hundred and forty-four miles away from the Irish coast, in water two miles deep, the cable was lost! The expedition of 1857 had ended in disastrous failure.

The next year the company made the second attempt to lay the cable and this, too, after frightful experiences in a gale that lasted nine days, ended in heart-breaking failure. However, Mr. Field and his friends would not give up, and the governments of Great Britain and the United States stood by with their ships. But there was no cheering, no flags were flying nor drums beating, when for the third time, on July 17, 1858, the fleets steamed away from Queenstown to lay the Atlantic cable.

And they did it! No cable was laid until the *Niagara* and the *Agamemnon* were in mid-ocean. There the splice was made. The *Aga-*

memnon faced the east, the *Niagara* the west, and sailing in opposite directions safely laid the Atlantic cable. One ship reached Ireland, and the other arrived at Newfoundland at the same time.

When this news was sent flying over the wires, there was wild rejoicing from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and over all the world. Church bells rang, factory whistles blew, bands played, and at night candles blazed in the windows and bonfires lighted the sky.

All the world believed, with Cyrus W. Field, that telegraph lines under the sea would result in peace on earth and good will between nations.

On August 5, 1858, from Trinity Bay, Newfoundland, Mr. Field sent a telegram to his wife. Nor did he forget his father, to whom once he had restored a lost rat-trap. To him he sent the message: "Rev. Dr. Field, Stockbridge, via Pittsfield: Cable successfully laid. All well. Cyrus W. Field."

The first official message sent over the cable was a long one from Queen Victoria to President James Buchanan and the second was his reply.

After numberless celebrations, the city of New York on the second day of September gave a dinner in honor of Mr. Field and the officers of Her British Majesty's steamship *Gordon*, and the United States steam frigate *Niagara*. You should see the bill of fare; it is of astonishing length, including apple pie, peach pie, pineapple pie, custard pie, pumpkin pie, plum pudding, cabinet-pudding, besides twelve other desserts, under the title of "Pastry." There was no ice cream. It is a wonder that the guests of honor could respond to toasts, but they did, eloquently.

Meantime, the very day before this dinner, the last message had been sent over the cable. More than three hundred messages had passed from shore to shore. And then the electric current in the cable—died. There lay the cable at the bottom of the sea, dumb and dead! Joy was followed by deepest gloom throughout the broad land.

A whale interferes with cable laying

Mr. Field, and those on both sides of the ocean who had risked their fortunes with him, really were discouraged.

However, Mr. Field immediately announced his intention to carry out to a conclusion what has been called "The most glorious thing man ever attempted."

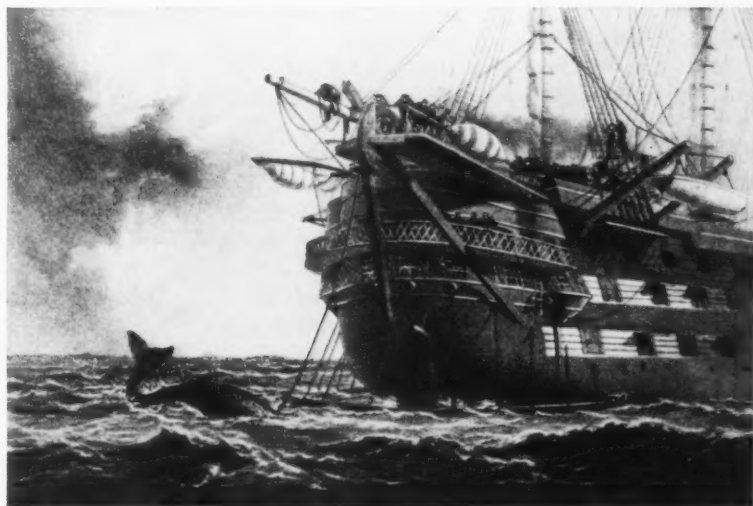
Again the story is a long one and covers years of work and the loss of several fortunes: but in 1865, a new cable, paid out by an enormous ship, the *Great Eastern*, was laid and lost in the bottom of the sea. After this disaster, Mr. Field, then in England, sailed for home.

One of his friends who was on the same ship said to another, "We heard Mr. Field was a passenger. We felt the deepest sympathy for him, and to our surprise he was the life of the ship and the most cheerful one on board. He said, 'We have learned a great deal, and next summer we shall lay the cable without doubt.'"

And they did. On July 27, 1866, Mr. Field sent a message from *Hearts Content*, Newfoundland, to his wife, which began with these words: "All is well. Thank God the cable has been successfully laid and is in perfect working order.

"I am sure that no one will be as thankful to God as you and our dear children. Now we shall be a united family."

It was time. This great man had long been separated from those he loved best. For nearly thirteen years he had worked to make the Atlantic cable a success, and had crossed the ocean more than forty times, faced by storms and discouragement.



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When icicles hang by the wall
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail
And Tom bears logs into the hall
And milk comes frozen home in pail—
—Shakespeare

The Calendar Picture

THE JANUARY Calendar picture shows the celebration of Three Kings' Day (Epiphany) in France. It is celebrated, especially in Normandy, with parties for children and grown-ups. The crowning glory of the feast is the *galette des rois*, or cake of the kings.

The cake, which is thin and round, is cut in the pantry, covered with a white napkin and carried into the dining room on a small table. There is always one more piece than there are guests. This piece, which is intended for the first poor person who comes to the door, is called "God's share." The youngest member of the company, who often hides under the table, is asked to say which piece of cake shall go to each person. There is great excitement for, according to custom, a small china doll (in former days a bean) must be baked in the cake. The one finding the doll in his or her portion becomes king or queen of the merry revel. The king or queen chooses a consort and together they rule the feast. Every move

made by the royal couple is commented upon and imitated with mock ceremony by the entire company, who shout lustily, "The queen drinks," "The king laughs," "The queen drops her handkerchief," "The king sneezes." The whole night long there are games, dancing, and all sorts of gay nonsense.

In the January, 1938, issue of the NEWS there is the legend of "Why the King's Cake Is Cut Just So," the story of how it came about that there is always set aside a slice for the poor.

Welcome to the New Year

Eleanor Farjeon

Hey, my lad! ho, my lad!
Here's a New Broom.
Heaven's your housetop,
The Earth is your room.

Tuck up your shirtsleeves,
There's plenty to do—
Look at the muddle
That's waiting for you!

Dust in the corners
And dirt on the floor,
Cobwebs still clinging
To window and door.

Hey, my lad! ho, my lad!
Nimble and keen—
Here's your New Broom, my lad!
See you sweep clean.

—From "Come Christmas," published by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

To Help Them Forget

WE HAVE just learned that the famous Spanish writer, Antoniorrobes, the author of "Colorín and the Princess," is now employed by the Spanish government to visit children in refugee centers and tell them stories so as to help them forget their sufferings during the long and terrible civil war which is tearing their country to pieces.

The Cover

THIS MONTH's cover design was made by Elly Rehschuh, a pupil in the public school of Cunnersdorf, Saxony, in Germany. The painting came in a correspondence album sent by the school to the Willows Grammar School, Willows, California. Under it was written "Unter tiefem Schnee träumt Garten, Wald und Flur"—The garden, the forest and the earth dream under the thick snow.

Puppets in Peiping

BERTA METZGER

ON an autumn afternoon Mrs. Chung and I sat in the inner courtyard of her home in Peiping enjoying our bowls of tea in the sunshine. Suddenly our talk was silenced by a clingity-cling, clangity-clang.

"What in the world is that going on out there in the street?" I asked.

Before Mrs. Chung could answer, Boy-yah, her five-year-old son, came running in through the moon gate. He was followed by his nurse and his ten-year-old sister. Boy-yah was talking excitedly and pointing toward the clanging.

The courtyard was rapidly filling with uncles and aunts, with servants and servants' children. And in hobbled dear old Grandmother Lee on her little bound feet. She looked all about as eagerly as Boy-yah.

The gateman was just lifting the heavy wooden board which served as a bolt for the heavy gate. As it swung open, we saw standing outside a tall bronzed Chinese in long padded robe of blue cotton. His cheeks were as red as ripe apples. His face was all crinkled up in a smile. Across his right shoulder was a long pole. From one end of it hung a little house-shaped frame lined with blue cloth. From the other end hung what looked like round hat boxes piled on top of each other.

The peddler smiled at Boy-yah as he jog-trotted past us with his load. Boy-yah and I followed into the inner courtyard.

At a word from Mrs. Chung, the peddler lowered one bundle onto the ground, and then the other. He put the long carrying pole into the center of the little house, and raised it and placed it in a sunny spot against the wall. A blue curtain dropped down and hid the pole. I turned to Boy-yah. "I know what it is! I'm sure. It's a puppet stage!"

There was much talking between Mrs. Chung and Boy-yah. The puppet master removed the lid of the top box. There lay many puppets waiting to come to life. Boy-yah pointed to the tiger. "He wants to know if you would like to see 'Mr. Wang and the Tiger,'" said Mrs. Chung.

"Indeed, I would," I replied.

"And would you care to see 'The Monkey and the Pig?'"



The Chinese Punch and Judy look like this

"I could never be satisfied with anything else," I answered.

After a word with Mrs. Chung, the puppet man crawled under the curtain and he and his box of puppets were hidden from us. Again the clingity-cling began. From the curtained door at the puppet man's right, out came Mr. Wang, whose head was all shaved except for a topknot, and this was made into a perky braid which pointed straight to heaven. Mr. Wang danced about and sang. A tiger came in and the singing stopped. Mr. Wang fought bravely. Boy-yah was excited. He stood very close to the stage with his big sister. I stood behind him with his mother, who explained to me what was going on, for all of the story was in a kind of singing that was half-whistling. Of course, I couldn't have understood if he had spoken in the best Chinese. But even I could see that Mr. Wang was in great danger from that tiger. The poor man fought bravely but the fearful beast got all his swords away from him and swallowed them. Then indeed was Mr. Wang helpless. The tiger chased him around and around the stage, and at last got hold of him by his braid. That tug-of-war was dreadful to behold. Then, right before our eyes, that wicked tiger slowly swallowed Wang. Shivers and cries went up from all of us in that courtyard. But fear not. All is

not lost. Wang had a wife. She heard his cries and came running, only to see his feet going down into the mouth of the tiger. She was not going to allow any tiger to rob her of her dear husband. She outwitted the tiger, and knocked him unconscious. She opened the mouth of the tiger, reached in, and got hold of Wang's braid. Slowly, slowly she pulled Wang out. And as the poor woman wept over her husband, he came to life. How happy she was then!

And she and Mr. Wang danced merrily out of the curtained door at the left.

Again the cymbals sounded and out on the stage came Soon the Monkey, who is great in magic. As I was told by Mrs. Chung, the wise monkey wanted to teach his friend, Pig, the rules of proper conduct. That is how it happened that through his magic, Soon turned himself into a beautiful maiden. In came Pig. He tried to make friends with Most Beautiful Maiden. He even offered to allow her to ride upon his back. She boxed his ears and told him he was too dirty. Pig spat upon his sleeve and washed his face and neck. Apparently she thought he was cleaner then, for at last she got upon his back. Happily, Pig departed with her, out one door and in the other to show that they were going a long dis-

tance. And when they came in the door the last time, Soon the Monkey had worked another magic, for he himself was again on Pig's back. Pig felt the load getting heavier and heavier. He was all worn out. He tried and tried to catch a glimpse of Beautiful Maiden, but Soon kept dodging out of sight. But finally Pig turned around very quickly and he saw that the person on his back was none other than Soon the Monkey. Thus was Pig taught never to talk with beautiful maidens.

This ended the show, for it was almost time for Boy-yah's dinner. But we were permitted to see behind the curtain and examine the puppets. Mr. Wang, Mrs. Wang, and the tiger were the hand puppets which fit over the puppeteer's hands like mittens. As there were never more than two of these little actors on the stage at once, it was easy to see how the show was given by one man.

The monkey, the pig, and the beautiful maiden were a very different kind of puppet. As I saw that it took two hands to "act" one of these puppets, I asked how the man could give the show we had just seen. The puppeteer showed me how he had the three puppets standing in the little house. These puppets are on sticks and the body stick is placed in a shelf which has holes of the proper size. He lifted a puppet from its resting place and walked it through the curtained door at his right. At the same time he moved the sleeves by the sticks which are fastened to the inside of the sleeve. He brought the monkey out, talked and sang for him, and then placed him in a shelf at the right of the stage. Thus he appeared to be seated. Then our puppet master brought out Pig in the same way. Sometimes he would drop the sleeve sticks of Pig and move those of the monkey. So you see he could have several puppets on the stage at one time.

I was eager to know how the master made the strange noise which seemed to be half singing and half whistling.

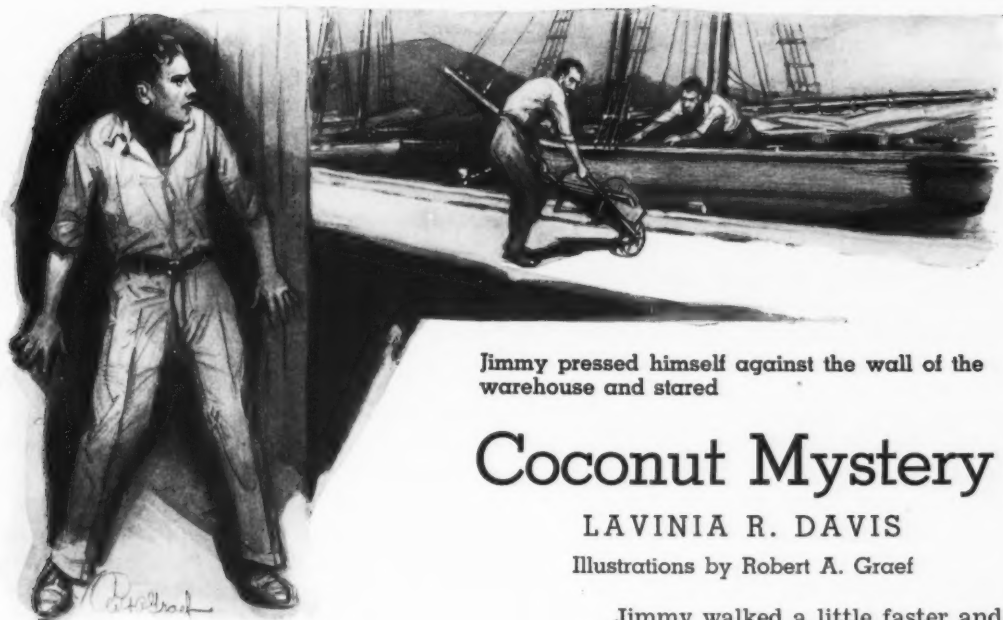
He took from his mouth a kind of whistle which was made of two pieces of slightly curved brass held together by thread.

We allowed the puppet master to pack up his actors and his stage. He was paid, and smilingly jog-trotted out with his burdens on his carrying pole.

And soon we heard him clanging his cymbals to announce to the whole world that here was a puppet man ready to amuse them.



The puppets on their stage



Jimmy pressed himself against the wall of the warehouse and stared

Coconut Mystery

LAVINIA R. DAVIS

Illustrations by Robert A. Graef

THE sun beat down from a cloudless sky and there was no breeze to move the palms in the plaza. Jim Terrell sat down on a stone bench and flicked a pebble at the empty fountain. A small aguanco blew out its throat in an angry orange bubble and moved off over the hot stones.

Jimmy didn't even look up. When his father had first been sent to Venezuela he had been delighted with everything, even aguanos, and monkeys, and coconut palms. But after two months in a sleepy little town like Puerto Cabello, the excitement had worn off.

Jimmy walked slowly across the hot square to the waterfront. Even the docks were a disappointment, he admitted to himself. There were a hundred and one sailing boats coming in and out from the islands, but you needed a dinghy to get out and see them. He didn't have a dinghy and he'd found that when you didn't have something in Venezuela, you just went without. There was little money around and absolutely no way of earning it.

The bay was bright and glittering and on two sides the mountains rose away from it in great red peaks. But Jimmy didn't notice the scenery when he was studying ships. There was a tanker from Arruba, a passenger ship from Wilmington, three small shabby schooners, and an efficient-looking little freighter out of New York.

Jimmy walked a little faster and forgot he was hot. His father was in the shipping business as his father had been before him; and Jimmy could hardly wait for his turn. Right now he studied a small schooner edging her way into the difficult harbor. If he'd only had a dinghy he could have really gone out and learned something.

He walked farther along the cement quay in the shade of the warehouse until he reached the bustle and confusion of loading and unloading. Men of all sorts were hard at work—men in sandals shouting in Spanish, black men at work with the grinding winches, handling bales of skins and bags of coffee, tons of cacao beans and crates of sweet-smelling brown sugar.

Jimmy stopped to watch the New York freighter *Bouncing Bess* unload her cargo of flour and auto tires. He looked admiringly at her white sides, varnished rails, and spruce new gear. A load of flour had just been taken off and the crane was empty to be returned to the boat. Jimmy heard the whirr of the motor but there was no answering creak from the winch. Looking up, he saw that one of the stiff new cables had looped around the edge of the galvanized iron roof of the warehouse and was stuck. Men shouted in every language but did nothing. Men threw up their hands and swore in a dozen different dialects, and still the cable stuck.

Jimmy hesitated a minute, then darted down the pier, picked up one of the thin iron rods being unloaded a little farther along and ran back. In another minute he had the cable

pried loose from the roof. "Good work," somebody called in English. "That's using your head."

The mate of the *Bouncing Bess* was waving to him from the bridge. "Come on up here so I can look you over," he said.

On the bridge beside the first officer, Jimmy could see every detail of the *Bess's* unloading and, beyond her, other unloadings the length of the harbor. "This is great," he said. "Thanks for letting me come up."

The next hour passed faster than any since Jim had left the States. Mr. Hodges, the mate, explained all the new devices on the cranes, and the winch, and the loading gear. He let Jim look at the charts, and the compass, and the other instruments to his heart's content. When it was time to leave, Jimmy apologized for asking so many questions. "You keep at it," Mr. Hodges said. "That's the best way to learn about the shipping or any other business."

Jimmy went back to walking along the quay. The smaller boats, battered and seaworn schooners that plied between the mainland and the islands, were drawn up into the end of the harbor. Jimmy stopped in front of the last one with a pitiful little load of stale coconuts in her forward hatch. While he was looking one of the coconuts rolled off on to the quay. Jimmy sprang after it, but a man dashed in front of him, picked up the coconut, and stepped back on the boat sputtering with rage! A long scar on his livid face was blue.

Jimmy moved back in a hurry. He was just learning Spanish, but the man's tone was quite plain. He was as angry as though Jim had been stealing his whole cargo instead of trying to help. There was no point in trying to argue with the furious man, so Jimmy moved off without trying to explain.

After supper, it was very hot in the Terrell's house so Jimmy started off once more across the quiet plaza to the waterfront. The quay was quite empty now and still. The evening air was soft and balmy, and the upturned moon made a little silver splash against the blueness.

A little way ahead in the shadow of the warehouse, Jim saw a man pushing a wheelbarrow quickly through the darkness and heading for one of the boats. When only a brightly moonlit patch separated him from his boat, he hesitated. Then he hurried across. It was the man who had gone after the coconut. Moving a little closer, Jimmy saw that

there was a gun lying across the empty wheelbarrow.

The man spoke to someone else on the boat and the second man reached for the gun. The man with the scar began to unload his coconuts from the forward hatch into the wheelbarrow. He lifted them out one by one and shook them carefully as though listening to the milk. Jimmy pressed himself against the wall of the warehouse and stared. He had heard stories about the schooners that plied a mysterious trade between the islands. Now one of these stories was unfolding before his eyes!

Soon the man moved off to empty his wheelbarrow and his partner moved back to the stern of the boat.

Jimmy's heart thumped. There was something strange about this load of coconuts. He waited until he was alone on the quay and then moved forward in the darkness. He reached the bow of the boat without making a sound. He could hear the lap, lap of the water against her sides and the thud of his own heart, but that was all. A cloud covered the moon and he slid forward. He tried to reach one of the coconuts, but the gunwale was too high. He looked forward and saw the man on board leaning against the mast with his back to the bow. Jimmy hesitated for a moment and then climbed noiselessly into the forward hatch.

He stepped right on the load of coconuts. Groping forward, he picked up one, shook it and felt over the hairy surface. There was nothing out of the ordinary. He shook another coconut and still another. He began to feel foolish. Probably the man with the scar had been so upset because he was so poor that he couldn't lose even one nut, and he had thought Jimmy was stealing. Jimmy started to get out of the boat, but just then his sneakers turned on the round nuts and he fell sprawling in the darkness.

He fell with his hands forward, clutching and catching. For a moment afterward he didn't stir. Then he realized that no one had heard. The sound of a motor boat passing in the direction of the *Bouncing Bess* had saved him.

Jimmy pulled his right arm up cautiously so as to make no sound. He was surprised to find that the nut beneath his hand was damp and sticky. It had been cut at one end and the plugged hole was oozing. He dug at the plug with his fingers and in another minute something hard fell in his hand.

He lifted himself a little way up on the hatch so that his hand was in the moonlight. A thick gold chain shone in the light. He shook the coconut, and a ring and a bracelet fell onto his fingers.

Just as he moved forward to see better, he heard the soft pad, pad of running feet. The man with the scar was rushing toward his boat. He had dropped his wheelbarrow, and his face in the moonlight looked very white.

Jim held his breath and ducked back under the hatchway. He could hear the men at work above him and knew from the sound they were getting ready to cast off. From the few words he understood it was plain that the man with the scar had been seen and was under suspicion, and that they were putting out to sea.

Just before they left the dock Jim tried to creep out of the hatch, but there was no chance. As he moved forward one of the men cast off their forward painter and he had to duck back into the shadow.

For what seemed like an age, Jim crouched on top of the coconuts. He knew from the feel of the boat that the wind was favorable and that they were moving swiftly out to sea. If he didn't get away soon, they would be beyond the reefs and it would be too far to swim to shore.

For a moment Jimmy hesitated, his throat stiff and dry. They would see him. There was no escaping it. His only chance was to dive and to dive fast. He pulled himself up over the hatch cover, took one step across the narrow deck, and dived.

As the warm water closed over his head, he heard a shout and knew that he had been seen. He fought in the darkness to kick off his shoes. It was lucky his clothes were thin. From the look of the lights on the shore he had a swim ahead of him.

He struck out for shore just as a bullet hissed in the water beyond his shoulder. Diving like a seal, he struck out under water. One, two, three, four. He forced himself to keep on going while the blood pounded against his ears. When he had to have breath he came up and sucked in the soft air and then dived again. The third time he came up he looked over his shoulder and saw that the boat had not changed her

course but was still putting straight out to sea. The two men were no longer on deck.

Jimmy floated on his back, gulping in the good air. He was in luck. The men were sure they'd hit him and were going on. He was in luck but he still had a long pull through the warm water. He swam steadily for shore. When he stopped for a moment to rest, he realized that there was a motorboat coming out from the quay.

In a few minutes she circled about him and he could hear voices, Spanish voices, English, American. "Come this way," somebody shouted, and Jimmy struck out toward her port side.

"So it's you again," a voice said as he pulled himself aboard. It was Mr. Hodges, first mate of the *Bess*.

Jimmy nodded, sputtering for breath. "Smugglers," he said. "In that boat. Beating it out to sea." He jerked at his wet pockets and brought out the chain and bracelet and ring. "Gold," he said. "Inside of their coconuts."

From then on things happened so quickly that Jimmy didn't have time to think. The first thing he knew he and Mr. Hodges and an Englishman were in the dinghy being rowed ashore by a Venezuelan. In the distance



He took one step across the narrow deck and dived

they could hear the roar of the motorboat moving out after the schooner.

"Government boat," the Englishman said. "Part of the coast patrol. Mr. Hodges and I were on board visiting when we heard the shot and went out and found you. How in heaven's name did you ever get on the schooner?"

Jimmy told them about the rolling coconut, the unloading in the dark, his own dive overboard.

When he was all through, Mr. Hodges whistled.

"You're in luck," he said. "In more ways than one. The reward'll go to you."

"Reward?" Jimmy said. "What do you mean?"

"For aid in the detection and capture of smugglers trying to bring goods duty free into Venezuela."

"That's a fact," the Englishman said. "You'll get at least a hundred Bolivars."

"One hundred Bolivars!" The thought circulated slowly through Jimmy's brain. One hundred Bolivars. Why, that was well over thirty dollars. Enough and to spare for a good-sized dinghy. He looked after the government boat as she drew nearer and nearer to the schooner. "I'm buying a boat," he said. "And I'm calling her the *Coconut*."

About the N. C. F.

MILDRED CLINE WALDEN

SUPPOSE that for many long months you had gone without quite enough food, had had no sweets, good as they taste after you come home from school in the evenings. And then suppose that one day hard candies and chocolate candies, fruits, nuts, and marmalade suddenly appeared—the gift of children who knew your circumstances, thought about you, and set about doing something to make you happy. That is just what is happening in China and in Spain. And the reason that these and other gifts can be made is because, systematically, Juniors all over the United States contribute to the National Children's Fund. The money is always ready at a moment's notice to be put to use where there is the greatest need. About that marmalade. Did you know that in Spain, jars of marmalade at Christmas time are as much a tradition as candy canes are with us? A Christmas without this treat is a really dreary prospect for a Spanish child, and so through the N. C. F. the gift was made. Not only sweets, but a shipment of soap and evaporated milk were provided through the Fund as well.

All this is the Junior part in a large undertaking of the Red Cross. For the seniors are giving a "helping hand" in Spain and China, too. Some 60,000 bushels of wheat were milled into flour, and sailed in November and December to Spain, through an arrangement made by the Red Cross with the Federal Surplus Commodities Corporation and the American Friends Service Committee. Carrying out the Red Cross policy of neutrality, the

flour will be distributed to the needy of both sides in the Spanish Civil War. The U. S. Maritime Commission provided free transportation for the flour in United States ships to French ports; the Friends Committee supervised unloading the cargoes of flour, arranging trucking into Spain, and distribution to the needy there. Railroad and hauling charges were paid for from Red Cross funds.

Through a similar arrangement, some 56,000 bushels of flour are now on their way to China.

A shipment of 1,320,000 pounds of coffee, given by the Government of Brazil to the American Red Cross for the women and children victims of warfare in Spain, was loaded on the S. S. *Algic* of the U. S. Maritime Commission at Santos, Brazil, November 25. The shipment was divided at New York into equal amounts and transhipped for Bordeaux and Havre, to be distributed to civilians in both Nationalist and Loyalist Spain, by the American Friends Service Committee.

These gifts are among the latest ones to be reported. Of course you know that the American Red Cross has sent to both China and Spain many thousands of dollars for general relief work.

J. R. C. members in more than a dozen countries will receive Christmas boxes this year, filled with small toys and other gifts, and bearing the greetings of American Juniors. Just after the holidays, such letters as this one from Poland begin to come in to National Headquarters:

"Long before the Christmas holidays we planned to decorate a Christmas tree and prepare some gifts for the poorest children of our school. We bought the tree and made ornaments for it; we gathered some clothes for the children, but we could not afford to buy toys. Suddenly there arrived a large chest with the toys from you, as if it fell from heaven! How many things we found there. How beautiful they were! Toys are always liked by children, but those sent by you are doubly appreciated."

The cost of shipping the Christmas boxes abroad is met by the National Children's Fund.

Most of the money given by the N. C. F. to societies abroad supplements that which has already been raised by the foreign Juniors themselves. The Greek Junior Red Cross saved up enough money to buy ground for the establishment of a youth hostel; but it was a bit too much for them to manage money to build the hostel as well. Six hundred dollars was appropriated to help with this back in 1936. Later, money was sent for beds and furnishings. We have just had a letter from the Greek Junior Red Cross saying that during the past year the hostel was able to accommodate almost two hundred pupils from schools in Salonica, Crete, and Phlorina. Athens, where the hostel is established, is a world cultural center, and a mecca for all Greek Juniors, especially, but those from other countries are welcomed as well. Recently one hundred students from Roumania were guests at the hostel.

Greek Juniors received Christmas boxes, too, and as an expression of thanks they sent a large quantity of currants. Several of our J. R. C. groups keep "cookie jars" full for men they have adopted in government hospitals, so the currants were sent to these groups, and home economics classes will add the fruit to their cookie dough!

The school at Trstena-Orava was among the many Czech groups receiving N. C. F. aid. You will see a picture of students there on page 22. Another snapshot which they sent in a "thank-you" album showed a group of Juniors cleaning up the school grounds. You helped to equip the school with much-needed First Aid chests. "We should like to meet you in order to thank you for all the joy you have



Members of Fargo, North Dakota, trace the travels of their Christmas boxes

given us," wrote the pupils. "God bless you."

One of the really fine projects financed by the N. C. F. is the giving of brailled stories to blind children. Brailling is done by Senior Red Cross volunteers, but the paper is paid for through the Fund, and an effort is made to reach every blind child in the United States. "How did they ever know about us?" a blind kindergarten child asked. "Somebody did a lot of work for us; and we ought to thank them and do something for them," said a sixth-grader. Brailled books are expensive, and it is an exciting thing for a child to be told that he may have a book "for keeps." One blind child wrote to a Red Cross brailist: "We Perkins children thank you very much for brailling such interesting books for us. The Junior Red Cross children made some very attractive covers for the stories." You see, many children who have not enough sight to read, can distinguish and enjoy bright colors on covers.

Other assistance for children in this country includes plastic surgery for child victims of a tragic school bus accident in Meade County, South Dakota; playground equipment and song books for children out in Oregon villages which were destroyed by forest fire; libraries, including lively story-books as well as reference books for many rural schools in all parts of the country; playground equipment, books, games, and toys for J. R. C. recreation centers established during the Ohio-



Members of Trstena-Orava, Czechoslovakia, gave a play, in which they wore their national costumes

Mississippi flood disaster; revival of folk arts in Indian schools through a native instructor paid by the N. C. F., and the same sort of help for children of Spanish descent in Rio Arriba County, New Mexico. You probably remember seeing a picture of the Carson Indian Juniors in the November News. They are among those who received instruction in arts and crafts, music and folk lore. At the last National Convention, held in San Francisco, a group of students from Carson were guests at the International Night celebration. They came dressed in native Indian costumes, many of which were decorated with elaborate designs in beads. They danced the Pinenut, a "social dance," and a war dance, and held the interest of the delegates perhaps more than any other group which appeared on the program.

Another N. C. F. project, which was finally adopted at the National Convention in San Francisco last May, is the establishment of a joint American-Canadian Junior Red Cross plot of one acre in the International Peace Garden. The Garden is in the Turtle Mountain Region, partly in Manitoba and partly in North Dakota. In the center of the Junior plot is a cairn with an inscription pledging that war will never be resorted to as a means of settling differences. Money which you have given to the N. C. F. helped to buy the plot, and will be used in developing it.

If your school has kept bound copies of the News, you will be interested in going back to the May, 1936, number. In that you will find a story about the International Peace Garden written by Frances Margaret Fox. Reading it

again will make you realize how fine it is that the J. R. C. is to be represented in the Garden.

You know when plans are considered each year for projects which the National Children's Fund will undertake abroad, we ask for advice from the J. R. C. Division of the League of Red Cross Societies. With their help, we work out a plan for the year. The national and international projects for 1939 have not all been decided upon yet, but watch the News each month and you will find reports of what is being done with your money.

One gift for this year which has already been made is that of a thousand dollars to the Peruvian Junior Red Cross. This is the first time that the N. C. F. has given assistance in South America. The money will be used to help with a health education campaign to be undertaken by the Director of the Junior Red Cross of Peru. You see many of the people there live in remote sections where they do not know the importance of keeping the health rules.

School canteens and Red Cross centers will be established in schools and other public buildings. Through the canteens Peruvian children will learn what proper foods can do in building strong bodies; at the health centers they will be taught habits of cleanliness, and given gifts of soap and disinfectants.

With the help of these gifts and the pictures, posters and pamphlets which will be distributed, the children will be able to carry out what they have been taught.

There isn't enough room in the News to tell you all the things we would like to about the National Children's Fund. But if you are interested in having a history of the Fund—how it was started some nineteen years ago, and what it has accomplished in the years which have followed—write to your Headquarters office in St. Louis, San Francisco, or Washington, and ask for a copy of ARC 643—"History and Purpose of the National Children's Fund."

And don't forget—when you earn that money for your Junior Red Cross Service Fund, be sure to put aside a portion of it for the N. C. F.

Some Activities



Top, four members of the Junior Red Cross of the Cleveland Junior High School in St. Paul, Minnesota, checking an album for a school in Sweden. Above, Latvian children enjoying a holiday at the J. R. C. summer colony in Lielupe. At right is a class in First Aid at the Eliot School, St. Louis, Missouri



Left, Juniors of the Burnett School, Long Beach, California, became interested in braille, and wanted to raise money for a subscription to the "Readers Digest" in braille. To do this, they made this quilt and sold it. They also sold some candy



A wanderer named December asked for the job

Winter and His Helpers

Lucyna Krzemieniecka

Pictures by Charles Dunn

Old Man Winter was a fine tailor. He lived in a white house. He wore white clothes. His beard and his hair were white and he wore glasses made of clear ice.

The news spread around the world that Old Winter was looking for a helper for thirty-one days. The helper must be a well-trained tailor.

This news was told by the sparrows on the roofs, by the wind and by the trees.

A wanderer named December heard it. As he had been out of work for eleven months, he ran joyfully to the white house and asked for the job.

"Here," said Old Man Winter, showing his new helper the materials, "you must make white clothes and embroider them with silver. There you have snowy velvet, stars, and silver thread."

"Good," said December, and set to work at once.

He worked night and day without stopping. He made caps, scarves, overcoats, dresses, lace and all sorts of trimmings. Every morning Winter took them away and put them on trees, bushes, hedges and the stones of the road, just as he liked.

At the end of the thirty-one days, December had his wages and left the shop.

Then the news spread that Winter wanted another helper for thirty-one days.

This time a certain January, who had also been out of work for eleven months, came to see him. He wore a big cloak, high boots and a fur cap.

The old man said, "I have already had a helper who was fairly good, but the things he made were too thin. I want you to make me clothes warmly lined and trimmed with fur. Can you do that?"

"Certainly," said January, and began

to work at once. He worked so hard and he worked so fast that Winter scarcely had time and strength to take away all the heavy white garments for the willows, the birches and the pines.

At the end of the thirty-one days, January went away with his pay in his pocket.

Next Old Man Winter advertised for a helper for only twenty-eight days. A young man out of work, named February, came looking for the job. Winter liked him at once and took him.

"I have already had two good helpers," said he, "but this time I want a different sort of work. I want you to cut hangings out of ice to decorate the roofs of the houses and the branches of the trees."

Although he was young and not very big, February was good at his job. He made all sorts of bright ornaments and the old man was pleased.

After February went away with pay for his twenty-eight days of beautiful ice work, the old tailor said he wanted still another helper.

This time a mischievous boy called March rushed to the white house. He did not even stop to comb his hair or clean his shoes. From the first, Old Man Winter did not like the new boy, but he had to take him because nobody else came for the place.

For two or three days March tried to work. But soon he got tired and he couldn't help doing all sorts of mischief.

He threw mud on the silver threads. He walked in his muddy shoes on the white velvet.

He whistled, he danced. He was not still a minute.

Old Winter was furious. "Go away at once," he cried. "I don't want your help. I shall shut up my shop. I cannot stand seeing my work so badly done."

March shouted with laughter and rushed away in a whirl. Old Man Winter locked his door and went to bed to sleep for nine months.

At that moment, Spring made its appearance in the world.

—From the Polish Junior Red Cross magazine.



March shouted with laughter and rushed away in a whirl

Our Safety Alphabet

A is for Ambulance Which we must call, If we should cross the street Without looking at all.	T. V.	J is for Joyous No accident day, When careful children Are out to play.	C. C. J.
B is for Brakes Which don't always work, So watch where you go, Or drivers you'll irk.	S. C. P.	K is for Knowing, And Doing as well; It makes more folks joyous Than anyone can tell.	S. C. P.
C is for Caution Signs we must heed, Or else we'll be sorry, Oh, yes, indeed!	S. C. P.	L is for Lights, Lights red and green That we should obey And about it be keen.	M. E. T.
D is for Doctor To whom we must go, When we are careless, And don't drive slow.	R. E. G.	M is for Matches How useful they are! But if they burn you They leave a bad scar.	J. M. W.
E is for Emergency, To know what to do Would be very important, If something happened to you.	B. A. S.	N is for "Nay" The right word to say, To those who would tempt us From the right way.	E. W.
F is for Fire, A friend if controlled; Otherwise a demon, Fearless and bold.	B. A. S.	O is for Officer, Helpful and kind, But if you're a lawbreaker, You, he will find.	B. A. S.
G is for Games Which aren't always fun, Sometimes so dangerous, Fun is outdone.	E. W.	P is for Parents, They really know best; Do just what they say And ignore the rest.	S. C. P.
H is for Heedless, As some people are, Who, crossing the street Step in front of a car.	M. E. T.	Q is for Quickly, The way we should act In case of an accident, Or danger, in fact.	D. E. T.
I is for Impatient Some motorists are; Drive slowly and carefully, Or don't drive a car.	S. C. P.	R is for Rules Often hard to obey, But you get along well If you do what they say.	J. E. S.

S is for Signals
We see all about;
We must obey them,
And always "Watch out!"

L. E. T.

T is for Traffic
On every street,
But lights avoid accidents
To children's feet.

L. E. T.

U is for Unite
Come one and all,
For safety's sake,
Answer our call.

E. W.

V is for Vain
In vain rules will be,
If people do not
The signals see.

M. E. T.

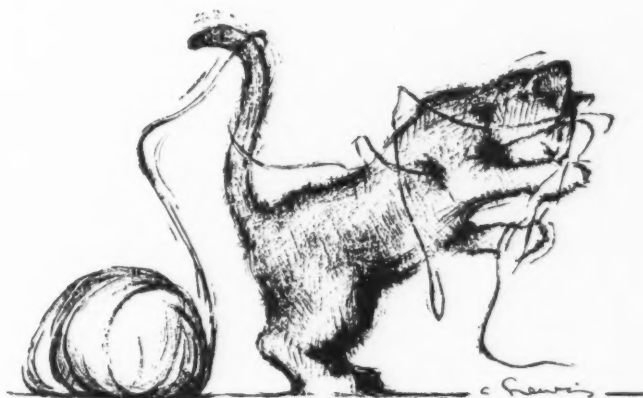
W is for Wires
Both low and high,
Don't fly a kite near them,
It's dangerous, don't try.

S. C. P.

From A. B. C.
To X. Y. Z.
Safety Rules
Seem best to me.

Fifth Grade Class.

*Rimes written by pupils of the Edge-
wood, Pennsylvania, Public School.*



Pussycats

Anna Medary

Picture by Catherine Lewis

Pussycats are very nice,
They can run and jump
Wave their tails and cross their paws,
Make their backs go hump.

Pussycats are very nice,
They have silky fur,
Eyes that shine and whiskers white,
And a singing purr.

Pussycats are very nice,
They are cuddly too,
Funny when they ask for things,
How they cry "me-u!"

